THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 16, 1805.

Memoirs of the Life of Dr. John Hawkesworth.

(Concluded from Page 710.)

SOME time before undertaking the Adventurer, he had married a lady, whose habits and accomplishments encouraged him to open a boarding-school for the education of young ladies, at Bromley, in Kent. The boarding-school at Bromley became remarkable as a school of elegance, propriety, and virtue; and by the success of their industry, this worthy couple soon saw themselves in a way to the acquisition of a competent provision for the ease and comfort of their old age.

Another path to independency in fortune seemed, for a time, to open itself before Mr. Hawkesworth. Archbishop Herring, as appears from his letters, an uncommonly pure and elegant writer of his mother-tongue, yet so zealously disposed to prefer the concerns of virtue to those of wit, that he had ventured to reprobate the exhibition of the Beggar's Opera, as pernicious to the public morals, even at the risk of being accused by Swift and Pope of asinine dulness, was resident in the palace at Lambeth at the time when the Adventurer came out in numbers. He was charmed with its elegance; amused with the beautiful displays of imagination in its tales; and moved to esteem for the principal author, on account of the pious and virtuous tendency of every train of reasoning, and of every example contained in it. His patronage had already distinguished the modest, learned, and classical Jortin. And he was now induced to honour also Hawkesworth with a token of his regard. By the exercise of a power which belongs to the archbishop of Canterbury, he conferred on him the degree of doctor in laws; an honour suitable to that knowledge of the general laws of the social union of men,

which Hawkesworth had in the Adventurer evinced himself to possess.

Hawkesworth flattered himself that he might derive something more substantial, than barren honour, from this kindness of the archbishop. As a doctor of laws, he was authorized to act as counsellor and pleader in those courts of justice in which the civil and canon law are, under the statute law of England, employed as principles and rules of decision. He attempted under this privilege to practise at Doctor's Commons. But the proctors were not forward to employ one who had not been regularly educated to the profession: and those licentiates, bachelors, and doctors, who had entered into practice by graduation at either of the universities, and by a long course of attendance on the proceedings of the courts, were extremely indignant that any person should intrude among them upon the mere strength of a Lambeth degree. Hawkesworth, then only five or six-and-thirty years of age, might by perseverance have triumphed over this opposition; but he disdained a lengthened contention with the prejudices of persons whom he, no doubt, thought very much his inferiors in the respects of genuine worth and talents. He withdrew from the field, and returned to his accustomed pursuits.

With the Gentleman's Magazine he had still a certain connection. Mr. Melmoth had a few years before published, under the title of Fitzosborne's Letters, a very pleasing series of essays, in the epistolary form, on some of the most agreeable topics in morality and criticism. Melmoth, in that volume, gave offence to some of the admirers of Herring, by a criticism, in which the instances of incorrectness in an extract out of one of that author's sermons were printed in italic characters. Hawkesworth, in October, 1754, sent a short paper of remarks to be inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, in which, by introducing a passage out of Melmoth's own compositions, and printing also the inaccuracies in italics, he showed that critic's style to be not less exceptionable than the style of the great prelate, whom he had presumed in this respect to censure. Several persons were pleased with this check offered to Melmoth's pride of criticism. Mr. Duncombe observes of Hawkesworth's article, in one of his letters to Archbishop Herring—in the words of the Roman poet,

" ——Nec lex justior ulla est,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

Lord Bolingbroke died in 1751, of the effects of a cancer, under which he had, in vain, applied to quack operators for a cure. His works in philosophy being bequeathed to Mr. Mallet, were by him collected, and with as little delay as possible made public.

public. They came out on the very day on which Mr. Pelham, the minister, died. The utmost indignation of the faithful votaries of Christianity was excited by their intention and spirit. Hawkesworth, among others, took the pen to expose their sophistry. In a short, and unaffected, but very well written paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, for October, 1754, he has exhibited a summary of the leading positions of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, with a clear exposition of their futility, equally honourable to his piety and to his talents. It was at that time much commended, and may still be read with profit.

The structure of some of the tales in the Adventurer, seemed to indicate Dr. Hawkesworth to be well qualified to contrive the fable, and regulate the involution and developement of the plot of a dramatic piece. In 1759, therefore, he was induced to alter for the stage the Oroonoko of Southern. It was acted in the altered form to which he had reduced it, at the theatre in Drury-lane, in March, 1760. The public approved his alterations; which consisted chiefly in expunging the scenes of low comedy, which Southern had incongruously intermingled with the evolution of a tragic tale, whose deep pathos rejected all such association. The critics complained that he had done nothing but expunge.

The success of his alterations in Oroonoko, encouraged him to another and more original dramatic attempt. It was a beautiful small piece, under the name of Edgar and Emmeline, which he next produced. It was brought out for representation at the theatre in Drury-lane, in the spring of 1762. The fairy machinery employed in it had a liveliness and a pleasing wildness by which the public were exceedingly delighted. It was a favourite entertainment at the theatre for the rest of that season; nor has it, hitherto, been laid entirely aside. In the closet it may be read with pleasure.

He had, before this time, begun to estrange himself much from the society of Johnson; and was even intoxicated to such a degree by the popularity of his writings, that he no longer esteemed Johnson to be, in native talents, at all superior to himself. Yet he could not help still following the career of Johnson with what he might himself deem generous emulation, while others could regard it only as close imitation. Johnson had lately produced, in Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, a philosophical fiction, exhibiting a view at once faithful, elegant, and profound, of the ills of life, and of the caprices of human conduct, than which the wisdom of all ages can show nothing more masterly and discriminating. It had been read with the utmost eagerness by the public. Hawkesworth would try whether he might not excel Johnson in this species of composition. He produced Almoran and Hamet; a beautiful tale, in which the economy of providence for the punishment of vice and the re-

ward of virtue in the present life, is, by a fine and apposite fiction, strikingly illustrated; but which is far from preserving that truth of eastern scenery and manners, from so justly unfolding the natural probabilities of life, or from any approach to that richness of moral instruction which distinguishes the Prince of Abyssinia. Almoran and Hamet appears to have been written expressly for the amusement and instruction of a king. It was addressed to his present majesty by special permission, not long after his accession to the throne. The character of Hamet appears to have been intended to represent the mild, yet steady, and not inert virtues, by which our sovereign was expected to reign in the hearts of his people; to mark that respect for constitutional liberty which has ever distinguished his government. It was well received, and has been frequently reprinted; but is as far from rivalling the popularity, as from equalling the merit of the work of Johnson.

The beautiful epic poem of Telemachus, the most excellent of the productions of Fenelon, had not been translated into English with the exactness, propriety, and elegance, which a work so popular and so classical well deserved. Dr. Hawkesworth, particularly on account of its usefulness in the education of youth, was induced to execute a new translation of it. This was published in a splendid volume in quarto, and has been occasionally reprinted.

During all this time he continued to reside at Bromley, in Kent, and gradually to relinquish the familiar acquaintance of those who had been his ordinary companions when he wrote the Adventurer. The reputation of Mrs. Hawkesworth's boarding-school continued to be very high, 'till she and her husband found it convenient to forego an occupation of so much care and fatigue. Two ladies of large fortune, being charmed with the society of Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth, as well as much pleased with their house, and its local situation, proposed to them, on condition that these two ladies should be, from that time, their only boarders, pecuniary advantages, arising so nearly to an equality with the whole profits of the school, that the proposal was readily accepted. From that time, the doctor continued to live at his ease, as a private gentleman of competent fortune; and in this leisure to form new and valuable connections of friendship among persons of wealth and rank.

In the disposal of the fruits of his own and his wife's industry, he had become a proprietor of East India stock. His stock was equal to that qualification in property which the laws of the company's constitution require in candidates for the directorship. Such was the respectability of his character for talents, integrity, and skill in business, and such was the influence and zeal of his friends, partly by the care of the two ladies who lived in his house, that he was chosen one of the directors of the affairs

fairs of the East India company. The functions of this imperial and commercial trust were discharged by him in a manner highly worthy of his own reputation, and of the confidence of his friends and the public.

On account both of his literary fame, and of the consideration to which he had risen in society, he was appointed by government to prepare for the press the narratives of those voyages of discovery which were made by British navigators in the first ten years of his present majesty's reign. In a period of time extremely short in comparison with the labour, he wrote out the narratives of the different voyages, from the journals of the commanders which were put into his hands; submitted his narratives to the perusal and correction of the gentlemen on whose authority they were written; and with the full approbation of the lords of the admiralty sent out the work from the press.

The course of his previous studies was not such as to have peculiarly qualified him for this undertaking. Nor was the entire management of the publication so intrusted to him that he could feel himself quite at liberty to form it agreeably to his own precise notions of the due perfection of such a work. He was not a navigator, a hydrographer, a naturalist, an astronomer, or a chemist. The charts were not communicated to him while he wrote the narratives: nor was he allowed to compare the charts with the narratives 'till it was too late to correct the one by the other, so as to make them perfectly correspond. Yet, under these disadvantages, he must be acknowledged to have executed his task with great ability, faithfulness, and elegance. There are no narratives of voyages in the English language which possess, so exactly as these, that propriety and elegance of style, not without dignity, yet free from affectation, which are the most suitable to this species of writing.

His stipulated profits from the work could not be intercepted from him: and these arose to no less than 6000l. sterling. But it was no sooner published than all the strength of criticism was excited against the writer. It was considered as being the work of the government; and therefore all, who were in political opposition to the ministry, were eager to censure it. Several of the persons who had gone upon the voyages were dissatisfied that they should not have been allowed to tell each his own tale; and were, of course, in a humour to find that it had not been rightly told by another. Almost every eminent man of letters felt more or less offence, that, for such a great national work, Hawkesworth should have been preferred to him. The public had not clear or just ideas of what such a work ought to be, expecting in it something like the histories of Robertson, Hume, and Voltaire; and judged it to be the fault of Hawkesworth, that it had in it so much of dry and minute details that could be interesting only to seamen. One class of readers thought

thought that Hawkesworth had adventured, in his speculations, too boldly into the regions of free-thinking. A Mr. Dalrymple, who had advanced opinions respecting the existence of a southern continent, which further discovery has wholly refuted, was angry that the conduct, particularly of the voyage in which Captain Cooke was accompanied by Mr. Banks, had not been intrusted to him: and he expressed his resentment in a pamphlet on the work of Hawkesworth.

Yet in all this opposition there was nothing very formidable. The first edition of the voyages was published in the beginning of May, 1773. In the same year, Dr. Hawkesworth prefixed to the second edition a paper of answers to his critics, in which he satisfactorily vindicated himself, and his work, from all their objections and censures. Without imitating Mr. Dalrymple in the use of sneers and cavils, as remote from wit and reason as from good-breeding, he found no difficulty in placing both that gentleman's pretensions and his criticism in a light the most pleasantly ridiculous.

But his mind was wounded deeper than he was willing to confess, by the clamours and censures to which his work had exposed him. His spirits sunk under the blow. Bodily illness was added to passionate, desponding affliction of mind. He had disdained to be thought the imitator even of Johnson; and he now saw his labour reprobated as the disgrace of his country. His life terminated on the 16th of November, 1773: and we are not certain that this good man, so eminently a lover and a teacher of virtue, did not—such is human frailty—actually perish by his own hand.

Forget this last act—excuse somewhat of the arrogance of success—and his life was eminently and elegantly virtuous.—He died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and was buried at Bromley, in Kent. His works preserve their popularity undiminished, and still do infinite good.*

* He wrote, besides, a Life of Swift; and published a good edition of his works.

Account of the Capture of Black Beard, the Pirate.

[From M'Kinner's Tour through the British West Indies.]

FROM the nature of Black Beard's position, in a sloop of little draught of water, on a coast abounding with creeks, and remarkable for the number and intricacy of its shoals, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted, it was deemed impossible to approach him in vessels of any force. Two hired sloops were therefore manned from the Pearl and Lime frigates in

the Chesapeak, and put under the command of the gallant Lieutenant Maynard, with instructions to hunt down and destroy this pirate wherever he should be found. On the 17th of November, in the year 1718, this force sailed from James River, and in the evening of the 21st came to an inlet in North Carolina, where Black Beard was discovered at a distance lying in wait for his prey.

The sudden appearance of an enemy preparing to attack him occasioned some surprise; but his sloop mounting several guns, and being manned with twenty-five of his desperate followers, he determined to make a resolute defence; and, having prepared his vessel over-night for action, sat down to his bottle, stimulating his spirits to that pitch of phrensy by which only he could rescue himself in a contest for his life. The navigation of the inlet* was so difficult that Maynard's sloops were repeatedly grounded in their approach; and the pirate, with his experience of the soundings, possessed considerable advantage in manœuvring, which enabled him for some time to maintain a running fight. His vessel, however, in her turn having at length grounded, and the close engagement becoming now inevitable, he reserved her guns to pour in a destructive fire on the sloops as they advanced to board him. This he so successfully executed, that twenty-nine men of Maynard's small number were either killed or wounded by the first broadside, and one of the sloops for a time disabled. But notwithstanding this severe loss, the lieutenant persevered in his resolution to grapple with his enemy, or perish in the attempt. Observing that his own sloop, which was still fit for action, drew more water than the pirate's, he ordered all her ballast to be thrown out, and, directing his men to conceal themselves between decks, took the helm in person, and steered directly aboard of his antagonist, who continued inextricably fixed on the shoal.

This desperate wretch, previously aware of his danger, and determined never to expiate his crimes in the hands of justice, had posted one of his banditti with a lighted match over his powder magazine, to blow up his vessel in the last extremity. Luckily in this design he was disappointed by his own ardour and want of circumspection: for, as Maynard approached, having begun the encounter at close quarters by throwing upon his antagonist a number of hand-grenadoes of his own composition, which produced only a thick smoke, and conceiving that from their destructive agency the sloop's deck had been completely cleared, he leaped over her bows, followed by twelve of his men, and advanced upon the lieutenant, who was the only person then in view. But the men instantly springing up to the relief of their commander, who was now furiously beset, and in imminent

* Occacocke inlet, a little south of Cape Hatteras.

imminent danger of his life, a violent contest ensued. Black Beard, after seeing the greater part of his men destroyed at his side, and receiving himself repeated wounds, at length, stepping back to cock a pistol, fainted with the loss of blood, and expired on the spot. Maynard completed his victory by securing the remainder of these desperate wretches, who were compelled to sue for mercy, and a short respite from a less honourable death at the hands of the executioner.

SIR ALAN.

A Fragment in the Modern Taste.

THE wind swelled, and the rain fell with more violence, while Sir Alan continued still urging on his unknown way. Every moment it required greater efforts to push on his steed, wearied as he was with the unremitted toil. A slight flash of lightning now flitted behind him, and a low murmur of thunder followed. The darkness thickened again; the same uniform beating of the rain continued—the same hollow wind yet whistled in his ears. How far the night had advanced, he scarcely could conceive; no moon had illumined his path—no human voice had struck his ears, nor habitation met his view.—He was sensible he had rode many hours in the dark, and though it was the latter part of the year, when night most prevails, he concluded it could not be far from the middle of it.—He was astonished still not to find any shrub, or clump of a tree, or sign of vegetation, in his tedious progress, and it filled him with amaze and alarm.

His steed had become more tardy, and he was on the point of quitting it, when a faint stream of lightning passing before him, revealed to his wondering eyes an extensive pile of ruins. How he had found his way so suddenly into the court, he could not conjecture. He had not been sensible of passing any moat or draw-bridge, or entering any gate-way.—He immediately alighted, and went towards the large door he had observed before him. He soon found he must have passed it, as the rain no longer fell around him, but a still deeper darkness prevailed. He moved forwards, but no obstruction met his way. The same gloom, and a still greater silence reigned; for not even the beating rain was now heard.—Along this level course he passed a considerable time; at length he found his way descending by broken steps. This winding and narrowing for some time continued, and on terminating, his hand met a door, which yielded slowly to his pressure, and he at once fell by a small descent. The same flagged pavement as before sounded under his feet.

The inconveniences and fatigues he had before experienced, were not altogether uncustomary to travellers, and required little more than ordinary resolution; but the strange form and construction of the great edifice he traversed, its darkness, its solitude, its ruinous condition, its intricacies, and the impossibility in the gloom of finding his way back, all conspired to throw an awakening alarm over his mind. His apprehension, however, rose into horror, when, on passing forwards, his hand struck upon the ribs of a human skeleton.—Involuntarily his steps fell back, and he struck against the wall. A chill tremor ran through his veins; he groped along its damp sides, ever fearful of again meeting the skeleton with his hands. He found the place a dungeon of small dimensions.—He passed round and round, but discovered no door, no aperture by which he could escape, and he was terrified at the idea of again touching the dread object which lay along the middle of the floor. Even the way by which he entered could not be found, or it was too high for his reach. The apprehension of remaining in this place, gave a fearful diligence to his search, 'till he was maddening with desperation. His hand at length reached a few loose bricks. These he pulled, and the wall shook. After various efforts, it at once gave way, and fell before him. The whole structure resounded in every gallery, dome, and apartment. Stunned with some of the heavy falling fragments, Sir Alan, awhile, sat on the stones.—The recollection, however, of the horrors of the place, and his uncertain situation, roused him to fresh exertion. Having passed the scattered parts of the fallen and mouldering wall, he reached what appeared a long alley, on each side of which was a range of apartments for confinement. In passing from one side of the alley to the other, he occasionally felt a massy door, so firmly fastened, that not his utmost labour could move it. He was almost sinking. The extraordinary fatigue he had endured, the long time he had passed without food, together with the uncertainty of his mind, and the continued agitation of his spirits, the horrors of what had passed, and the apprehension of what might follow, the length of way he had traversed in the dark, the strange passages of this unknown and mysterious edifice, all these so distracted his brain, and bewildered his mind, that his reason gave way to his weakness. He rushed on the alley—stopped—stared round, uttered a wild cry, and again flew forwards. He reached where the alley was intersected by another. This he found, in rushing against the wall. He fled on. Demons seemed to pursue, and spectres to threaten his progress.—Now some hideous animal would stalk, and growl upon him, or the hiss of snakes urged him from behind. His wild desperation carried him still forward, 'till a being of enormous stature seemed to guard a door, and forbade his issuing. Sir Alan grasped his sword, but in a moment, disarmed, he

thought himself thrown amidst the loudest groans of innumerable miserable beings, on the floor of a deep dungeon.

His over-harrassed powers sunk into slumber, when a new scene arose. A large magnificent chamber appeared around him, and himself seemed to have fallen upon a most brilliant carpet. Though a full and radiant moon was beheld, through an elegant window, to shed her broad lustre over the most enchanting gardens and orchards, yet the apartment in which he found himself was illumined by unnumbered resplendent lamps and tapers. The sweetest and softest music stole upon his ravished senses. At the wide-spreading door now entered a number of females, attired with transcendant brilliancy, and possessing the most exquisite grace and beauty. Sir Alan rose from the carpet on which he still sat in mute and delighted amazement, and bent before beings apparently of angelic nature. One stepped forward, and with the most winning grace, took him by the hand, and bade him fearlessly come. A number of menials were spreading a spacious table, with vases of the most elegant construction and splendour, filled with all the fruits of the eastern or western world, that possess flavour or beauty. The flowing bowls of the most alluring wines were intermingled with the viands. Sir Alan was distinguished by particular attention during the whole repast.

So overpowered, so amazed, so enchanted, had he hitherto been, that he was utterly unable to speak a word, and every attempt was wholly unavailing: his tongue stuck as it were fettered. The repast was now over, and he was beginning to express his admiration, but scarcely had he articulated a word, when the charm was dissolved, and the whole vanished from before him, and he found himself standing on the heath, whence he had set out; his horse standing beside him, and the sun breaking out in the east.

F.

Description of two Gun-Boats built under the Direction of Sir Sidney Smith.

THE one is called the Cancer, the other the Gemini. The Cancer is formed of a galley, about 48 feet in length, cut exactly in two, from stem to stern; those two parts are joined to the ends of five pieces of timber, which cross them, and are made secure by braces of iron: upon those five beams is raised a platform, in the centre of which stands a 3-pounder, ready mounted, with ammunition-boxes, &c. The wheels of this cannon stand in a groove, upon a sort of frame-work, which runs out some feet beyond the bows, so that the moment the vessel is run

run ashore, the cannon can be landed, and instantly put in use. In the centre of each of the two extreme beams which join the two half-galleys, masts are fixed, each of which carry a large square sail with proper rigging. A foresail projects from a boom which is fixed to the frame. There are four rudders, one to each extremity of the half-gallies, two only of which are worked at a time, by a cord connected with a larger one in the centre, and managed by a person on the platform. These rudders can be shipped or unshipped in a moment, and the half-gallies being equally sharp at both ends, she can be run backward or forward at pleasure. The half-gallies are decked, with eight holes cut along each, large enough to admit a man's body, to the mouth of each is fixed a canvas bag, painted so as to prevent the water penetrating, with a running string in the top; in these bags the 16 men, who pull at the oar, seat themselves, and tie them above their hips; this sufficiently lashes them to the boat, and prevents their being washed overboard. Besides these 16 oars, and the other persons who manage the sails, &c. this vessel is capable of holding 50 soldiers. Her sides are entirely lined with cork, so that it is impossible to upset her; and in a heavy sea, it passes over her without doing any injury, except giving the men a wet jacket.

The other boat, the Gemini, is of the same construction, but much larger, with this difference—she is formed of two entire galleys, fastened together as the Cancer, with 16 holes in each galley, for the rowers are inside the other; the 16 outside men row with oars, while those at the inside are furnished with a sort of spade, in the shape of a paddle of an Indian canoe; the blade made of iron; and a space is left between the platform and the galleys, for the men to work those paddles. This instrument is useful also in clearing away the sand or gravel, to facilitate the landing of the cannon. The Gemini also carries a 6-pounder, and a proportionate number of men more than the Cancer.—Those vessels, when heaviest laden, draw only eighteen inches water.

Extracts from the Charge delivered by Mr. Justice Hardinge at the last Brecon Great Sessions.

"A Mother of an illegitimate child, in the month of last April, was tried in this Court for the murder of her child. A verdict of perhaps unexampled compassion (but it is the fault which I never can blame) has enabled her to be alive at this hour. That she had concealed the birth of that child, and had concealed its death, was in proof. She is now in prison for the offence of that concealment. Imprisoned (I blush for the

law in stating it) for two years! the severest punishment left us for that offence, which is the root and principle of these murders. In a very few days after this acquittal, another criminal, of a similar description, was tried in one of the bordering counties, was convicted, and was executed.

"The offence, I am sorry to add, is of late more prevalent than ever in England, in Wales, and in this part of it the most. The difficulty of reaching it by legal proof is increased fifty-fold by a new act of parliament, upon grounds of policy, which I dare not, as a judge, arraign, but which I am not able to fathom. The peculiar nature of this crime, and of the motives to it, appear to me either overlooked or superficially examined! This offence has no root but in the barren soil of uneducated nature. It is the guilt of savage ignorance—of unenlightened fear; or (perhaps in two better words) of undisciplined self-love. The savage cruelly defined is a merely and brutally selfish character, he cares for nothing detached from his own personal figure in the whole system of the world. In proportion as he indulges the selfish propensity, he approaches downwards to the Indian with his torturing scalp in his hand, or to the cannibal who eats the man he had slain. This crime never occurs in the higher classes of life: it is the guilt of the poor alone, and almost universally in the pale of domestic servitude. It springs from a distempered conscience—a desperate and frantic remorse—a fear of poverty or of shame. Two principles cover these motives; one of them is a total absence of religion from the mind; the other is a weakness or a perversion of the reasoning faculties, not arising from the want of capacity, but of culture alone. To meet the offence thus explained, and repel the mischief, appears to me no very arduous task. Three words bind the charm —religion, humanity, and police.

"I believe it will be almost universally found, that convicts of this crime have been thoroughly destitute of religious impressions. The poor creature who perished at Presteigne had not the faintest image of them: she had scarcely ever heard of the Saviour's name. Of Christianity, as revealing a future state of judgement, and as redeeming the sins of the world, she had never been told. She had no religious abhorrence of her crime, 'till a few short hours before she terminated her life. Of her acquittal by interest she had very sanguine hopes, and had prepared gay apparel for the event. After the bare statement of such a picture, can one hear with temper of objections to charities for religious education of the poor? From what I have heard of this devoted creature, I believe in my conscience that a *feather of religion* would have saved her life, her virtue, and her character. The attendance of infants on religious duties, if rooted in early days, becomes a settled habit, which clings to them with admirable effect when they are grown up. I said that

that such offenders were generally servants. Masters will do well to reflect upon the mischief done by them to their servants, and through them to the community at large, if they are themselves men of dissolute habits or of low pursuits: if they mark their contempt of religious duties, by an habitual absence from the temple of their God.

"Humanity is a most powerful implement in able and liberal hands: it has its limits, or it would not merit the office it bears in the world. It may surely in some degree, without offence to the purity of moral decorum, endeavour to mitigate the shame of an illegitimate birth; I do not mean that it should reward the penitent mother, and much less it should countenance the impenitent one. But it may well prompt, in a whisper at least, many cases of seduction, in which it would be the most cruel of all tyrannies, to be severe, if the indiscretion is openly confessed in terms of remorse. In cases even of a less favourable aspect, but short of profligacy in the habit, mercy, within proper limits, would be at once religious, humane, and politic. I think no master of a reputable family should keep a female servant, in whom it is known by the other servants that he had detected her incontinence; because it would be a bad example to the other servants. But mercy is open still: he could recommend the discarded servants for other virtues, not suppressing this fault, and many are the humane, who would gratefully accept a female servant thus recommended, with a generous oblivion of this fault. Many are the female servants who have turned out excellent members of the community under circumstances like these.

"Police follows up humanity. It should be on the alert, and should give an alarm at the first hint or suspicion of pregnancy. If the fact be believed, though it is not proved, every imaginable expedient should be adopted for the purpose of encouraging the disclosure, and of discovering the concealment. The penalty of concealment, as the law now stands, is perfect ridicule. The act of King James the First, now repealed, was admirably calculated for punishment, and for prevention of these murders, by punishing the concealment, which is the shelter and the motive. As great and as good a man as this age or island can boast, whose death, a few months ago, is a national misfortune, was an advocate for this law, contemplated by him in its true light—as the mercy of terror, by disarming the hope to escape from conviction by the artifice of concealment: I mean the celebrated Dr. Paley. But as that law is no more, additional and peculiar vigilance is required from you, to guard us against the mischief thus let in. That mischief is the concealment of the birth and of the death.

"The seducer should be detested, high or low, and branded with shame. The guilt of supplying medicines for abortion should

should be punished, whether such medicines were used or no. It is a defect of the law, as it now stands, that for this offence there is no punishment. The medical tribe should be upon their guard against the sale of herbs or potions calculated for this effect. If the father should refuse to maintain the child, when born, which is afterwards killed by the mother, such a refusal should be severely punished. It is in a moral view a constructive murder of that child.

"These are my hints for your better judgment. The poor constitute the best wealth of the rich. Their love and their esteem, is your proudest inheritance. On the other hand, it is not their bread alone, (a degrading word) but their immortal food, their interest hereafter, as well as here, that is required by them from the rich, from their liberality, their goodness of heart, and their example in virtue.—The poor female infant is an orphan of the community—you are answerable for the culture of her mind, for the decent habits of her deportment, for the honest affections of her intercourse with men, for the domestic worth, and for the dignified (which are the natural) graces of her character."

KING's NORTON; *or the* FALL *of* GRANDEUR.

[From Mr. W. Hutton's Book of Cases determined in the Court of Requests at Birmingham.]

IF this little work should meet the hand of a stranger, it will be necessary to inform him that King's-Norton is an extensive manor, vested in the crown, and contiguous to that of Birmingham.

The very name of a court of justice carries terror: even the innocent suitor approaches it "with fear and trembling." This terror arises from various causes; such as the apprehension of losing, which might hurt the pocket a little and the pride much; the dread of making a weak side before superiors; being caught in an unguarded expression; held up to the public eye, &c. But, alas? how little do we know each other. The suitors are not the only people that tremble, for they often influence the bench: the commissioners themselves experience many a melancholy thought, and aching heart, at the deplorable situation of those before them; and can scarcely refrain the disgrace of tears, if tears are a disgrace: they feel for distress more than it feels for itself. There is nothing more common, in the decline of prosperity, than that the idea of a gentleman is all that is left of the gentleman: this is the last spark in the dying embers of greatness. There is nothing more detrimental than this idea; for it prevents a man from entering with spirit into the drudgery

necessary for existence. He feeds upon a departed shadow, when alas! a shadow is sometimes all he has to feed upon. He tells the world his poverty arises from misfortune; but the world generally changes the word for imprudence. But whatever is the cause, he demands our pity. We envy the man in an exalted state; but if he falls we cannot refuse him assistance. We feel even for those two imperious characters, those insufferable priests, Becket and Wolsey,

Among 170 defendants called before the court, July 21, 1786, was that of Henshaw Grevis, Esq. Struck with a name with which I was well acquainted, I asked if the person appeared; when a meagre figure, near sixty, came forward, and behaved with all the humility of manners that fancy could paint: the silent tear seemed to rise in his own eye and demanded mine. Though his whole apparel could not be worth eighteen pence, I well remembered to have seen him thirty years before completely mounted, and dressed in green velvet, with a hunter's cap and girdle, at the head of his pack. Like Actæon, he had formerly hunted with his own hounds, perhaps, like him, had been devoured by them. At other times the arms he carried, were a gun and ornamented pouch, his companions were his dogs, and the regions he commanded the earth and the air. But now his gun was metamorphosed into a spade, his companions were common labourers on the turnpike-road, and the principal scene of action was a gravel pit.

I could not forbear drawing a silent comparison between this devoted outcast of fortune and myself—he could prove a long line of wealthy and honourable ancestors, but mine had never been off the dunghill for two hundred years; his had been fixed upon one rich domain for many centuries, mine had been desolate wanderers, and had tried many parts of the kingdom, but found every spot barren. He, in the morning of his days, decorated as above, with the trappings of affluence, I in humble poverty and a dirty apron, should have been disdained even a look; but now, in the evening of life, he depressed with age, want, and the keen reflections of departed plenty; I, hurt at pronouncing as a judge upon his distress.

His family had produced many amiable characters; they figure in history as commanders in the civil wars under Charles the First; and, however contrary the sentiment, as succouring the ejected ministers, who in 1662 were discharged from the establishment by the violence of the times. I asked him how long his ancestors were residents at Moseley-hall; he answered nearly from the conquest.

One disorderly member may make dreadful havoc in the patrimony of an house, but when every individual unites in its destruction, they quickly put a period to its existence. An instance is rarely known, that he who pulls the family fortune to

pieces

pieces, repairs it: the same temper which begins bad, ends worse. Should the estate be too ample for one generation to destroy, an heir of a different cast may arise, as in the Clifton family, to give a turn to the fortune and preserve the name. But the ancient inheritance of this unfortunate house having been dreadfully curtailed, a landed property of above 9000l. was sold in 1764, to John Taylor, Esq. and the scattered remains, worth 5000l. more, to various persons, by public auction, which totally sunk the family into that infinite mass of mankind which are indistinguishable.

One would think King's-Norton fatal to greatness; for tradition tells us, in the last age the parish could boast the residence of five esquires, who rolled in five carriages, but now the inhabitants themselves tell us they are a parish of paupers.

The debt charged on this unhappy son of adverse fortune was seventeen shillings; it appeared to be a security given to the plaintiff to cover a misdemeanor of the son, which the court, out of tenderness, did not chuse to inquire into.

As fate therefore seemed particularly to mark him for destruction beyond any of his race, for his ancestors being strangers to poverty, could not dread its effects; and his successors, inured to penury, will not regret the loss of that affluence they never knew; and as he alone, the sport of adversity, was tantalized with the pleasing views of prosperity, and then plunged into distress, the court, out of compassion to fallen greatness, charged the payments at the low rate of two shillings a month, postponed the first for three months, and recommended lenity to the plaintiff, who rather exulted in his calamity, and whose heart, seared by poverty, had lost every tender feeling.

Anecdotes of the late Sir William Pulteney, Bart.

THIS gentleman died lately at his house in Piccadilly, aged 85. He was representative for Shrewsbury, in seven successive parliaments. His name was originally Johnstone, and he practised at the Scotch bar. By his marriage with the heiress of the house of Pulteney, he became possessed of a very large fortune, which was not likely to be diminished in his hands, and he was then induced to take the name of Pulteney. He was a useful and intelligent speaker in parliament, though by no means a graceful and eloquent orator. What he said, however, always contained substantial matter, and was marked by plain sense. His vast fortune placed him above the usual temptations by which public men are too often led to convince the world that their pretensions to patriotism are founded merely in self-interest. He was, therefore, occasionally, a supporter and an opposer

poser of the measures of administration, and might be said to hold an independent character. He was, however, on the whole, to be considered as a friend to government.

He married, for the second time, in 1804, the widow of the celebrated Andrew Stuart, who took so memorable a part in the famous Douglas cause, in favour of the Hamilton side, and whose letters to Lord Mansfield on that subject are models of accurate investigation, as well as of acute and solid reasoning.

Sir William Pulteney has left a daughter by his first marriage, the present countess of Bath, who was his only issue. She married Sir James Murray, who took the name of Pulteney, and who now is one of the richest men in the kingdom.

Sir William's disorder was the gravel. He was so sensible of his approaching dissolution, that he predicted almost the hour of his decease. In the latter part of his life, he was remarkably abstemious, his food was composed of the most simple nourishment, principally bread and milk. In the apartment where he chiefly resided but little fire was used, because he found his health bettered by it. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where the remains of many of his ancestors are deposited.

Notwithstanding every search has been made in Pulteney House, no will has yet been found. Sir William was supposed to be the richest commoner in the kingdom; it is said his funded property amounted to near two millions sterling; and he was the greatest American stockholder ever known. In the event of no will being found, Lady Pultency will enjoy one-third of his personal property; the principal part of his Shropshire estates, to the amount of above 30,000l. per annum, will fall to the earl of Darlington; the rest of his Bath, and his own unentailed property, of course devolve on his daughter, the countess of Bath.

He is succeeded in his title, and in all his entailed property, consisting of his Scotch and West India estates of about 10,000l. a year, by his nephew, Captain Johnstone, of the Coldstream guards, son of the late Governor Johnstone.

Sir James Pulteney, Sir William's son-in-law, is member for Weymouth, and a lieutenant-general.

A QUESTION, *by a Student in Mr. Chivers's School, St. Austell.*

A Gentleman of my neighbourhood has a plantation in the form of a plane triangle, whose three sides measure, 6, 5, and 4 chains respectively; in the middle of which he intends making a circular fish-pond, whose circumference shall touch each side of the plantation. Required from hence to compute the area of the fish-pond, its diameter, and the respective areas of the three corners formed by the pond in the triangular plantation, without the aid either of trigonometry or algebra.

Answer, by T. Prout, of Mevagissey, to T. Whicker's Rebus, inserted June 17.

LEATHER most useful is to man,
And thus I do the enigma scan.

Answer, by Primrose, of Taunton, to R. Trewavas's Rebus, inserted July 15.

WHILE circling years in long succession roll,
And fame's loud trump resounds from pole to pole,
HOMER! thy works will still unrivall'd be,
Replete with genius and sublimity.

☞ We have received the like answer from Thomas Prout, of Mevagissey; W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes; T. Adey, of Poole; Adrianus; and W. Mann, of South Brent.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

MY first flies swift from shore to shore,
Thro' village, city, town,
And as it spreads, it often sheds
Both joy and sorrow round.
Upon my second you will find
My first is oft convey'd;
And in my whole you may behold
Strange things, at times display'd.

A CHARADE, *by E. Mallard, of Plymouth.*

SAGACIOUS youths! if you would know
My first has caus'd much grief and woe;
My next is found in buildings strong,
Where many sing their mournful song;
My last oft proves a sailor's friend,
Where but for it they'd meet their end:
My whole, if right you understand,
Cannot be found on British land.

A REBUS, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhempston.*

A Singing bird you'll first explain;
A mount near Troy likewise obtain;
A female deity explore;
A city fam'd on Albion's shore;
And what doth ease the wearied poor:
The initials plac'd, in order true,
A quadroped appears in view.

A REBUS, *by J. Callaway, of Stalbridge.*

WHEN storms arise, and foaming billows roar,
My first with fury beats the rocky shore;
When Ceres scatters with a lib'ral hand
Th' abundant harvest o'er a happy land;
Survey each well-known grain, the farmer's store,
Thence take two-thirds, which will my next explore.
An useful science will my whole reveal,
That can the afflicted soothe, the wounded heal.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On L. M. *and* C. M. *late of Sherborne.*

THE cherub's features, and the seraph's mind,
Confess'd them not for earth but Heav'n design'd;
And kindred angels mourn'd their longer stay,
Lent them their pinions, and they wing'd their way.

A. S. P.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE ROSE.

[Occasioned by the Death of two young Ladies, Sisters, lately of Sherborne; the younger of whom died August 25, 1805, within three months of the elder.]

——*Il spirto dal bel nodo sciolto.*
PET.

" WHAT is the cause this charming rose
" Thus languishes, and looks so pale?
" Why should it thus its colours lose?
" And, more than others, why so frail?"

Dost thou enquire, O! gentle fair?
Dost thou its frailty thus deplore?
And we—must we the cause declare?
The lovely sisters are no more!

" What is the cause this drooping rose
" Revives again in all its charms?
" What is the cause that thus it glows?
" What unseen pow'r its beauties warms?"

Dost thou enquire, O gentle fair!
Why such a change is here express'd?
Must we the happy cause declare?
The sisters are for ever bless'd!

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

Lines supposed to have been found in an obscure Compting-House near London-Bridge.

By the late Miss MARIA TEMPLE.

OPPRESS'D by want, oppress'd by woe,
Oppress'd by fate's repeated blow,
I hail the waning lamp of life,
To end at once th' ignoble strife,
And set this proud heart free.

When mantling morn first streaks the sky,
I ope the thankless, languid eye

To

To scan these darksome walls' drear bounds,
And rise to tread the irksome rounds
Which mark'd the former day.

Morn's waking charms no more I view,
And summer suns I bade adieu;
Perchance upon some high-perch'd tile
I catch a chequer'd, dubious smile,
That wings 'lorn thoughts with hope.

Entomb'd 'midst fogs and grov'ling toil,
I sad consume the mid-day oil;
Or meet a tyrant's sharp rebuke;
Wealth's licens'd joke, or freezing look,
I'm yet untaught to bear.

Ye mountain gales which once I knew!
Ye winged loves with whom I flew!
Desert not one enslav'd by fate,
But chaunt soft pity at his grate,
And fan his panting soul.

Ye shadowy sails which bluely rise,
On you may rest Johanna's eyes!
Each line, each pennant, mem'ry note,
Since at the base, perchance, 'twill float
Of Portobello's heights.

When from the fort the signal flies,
And merry bells ring brisk replies—
When dusky chiefs the vessel greet,
O! will her pulses quicker beat
If England's flag it bears?

For her I scal'd the palm-clad steep,
For her I brav'd the dang'rous deep,
For her I sought proud Albion's shore,
For her I dive for guilty ore,
For *her* I wake to die.

Slow to this truth I mournful bend—
'Tis strange to meet a stranger's friend,
Whose censure owns the sacred seal
Of woe—nor makes the wand'rer feel
His home is far away.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR modest flow'r! that shun'st parade,
Whose sweets all other sweets excel;
Oft have I sought thee in the shade,
And watch'd thy slowly op'ning bell.
In life's fair morn, when I was blest,
And sigh'd like others to be gay,
Pale flow'r! I plac'd thee at my breast,
And threw the blushing rose away.
Yet was't not hatred that did guide,
My infant choice, and mov'd my scorn:
'Twas that the rose seem'd swoln with pride,
Whilst thou wert drooping and forlorn.
Thus pity ever shall prevail,
And softly all my soul incline,
To listen to the plaintive tale,
And make the cause of sorrow mine.
And when I see misfortune shrink
'Neath cruel pride's sarcastic rail,
I'll raise its drooping head, and think
On thee, sweet lily of the vale.